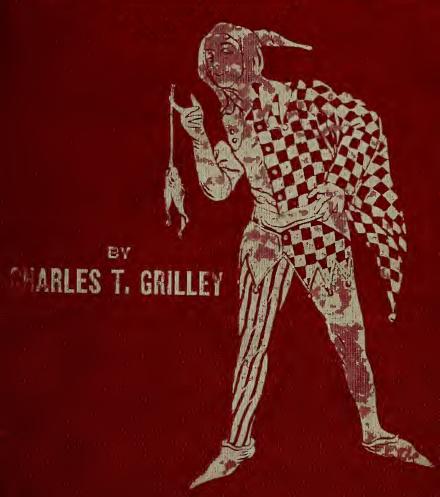
JINGLES OF A JESTER





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JINGLES OF A JESTER

CHARLES T. GRILLEY

Illustrations by
W. H. D. KOERNER



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To my fellow members and co-workers of the Lyceum

WHO HAVE BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO PRESENT

TO THE PUBLIC SOME OF

THESE SELECTIONS

This volume is gratefully dedicated

NOTE.

Thanks are due the Publishers of Puck, Drummer's Yarns and Werner's Voice Magazine for permission to reproduce some of the verses which originally appeared in their columns.



CONTENTS

Proem .					•	7
DE WHITEWASHIN'	Man					9
Васк Номе .					•	11
Injuns .						14
THE MAYOR OF C	ENTREV	ILLE				17
A Paradox						19
Worthy of Parad	ISE .					2 I
AT TWILIGHT						22
THE STUTTERING A	UCTIO	NEER				24
Тне Снар Who's	TRAVE	ELED				27
Livin' Pictures at	BERRY	VILLI	3.			29
A Lesson from M	OTHER	Goo	SE			36
EVERYTHING REMIN	os Me	So d	of C	Ніск	EN	39
HAD I ONLY KNO	WN					42
Jes' a Line to Rii	EY .					44
My Chips						49
WHEN MAH LADY	Yawn	S				51
THE TOWN OF YA	P					53
My LADY MARION	ETTE					59
Constancy						63

CONTENTS.

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY	•		٠		•	66
DISCONTENT .						73
No Man Was Ever K	Now	'N T	o	'ANG	FOR	
Wot 'E DIDN'T	Soy					78
THE LAST STRAW						82
THE COLORED LOCHINV	AR					83
A DEPARTMENT STORE	Diti	ГY				87
THE DESERTED FARM						93
A Boy's Complaint						96
October						99
GOOD EVENIN', MISTAH	M	оом				100
CALAMITY BROWN .						103
LITTLE DAN CUPID						106
"CR. AND DR.".						109
A KEEPSAKE .						111
Hay Fever .						113
OH, WOE IS ME						115
Before and After						119
THE TIN PEDDLER						120
THE MUMMY AND THE	Dun	MY				123
A QUESTION OF AUTHO	RITY					127
People are So Differe	NT					129
PLAY BALL, BILL						131
Smanare						122

PROEM.

I could not call them poems, I would not dare—

Should you think to criticise as such, beware!

I prefer to style them "fingles"; so Sir

Critic, if you know

When a jingler jingles proper, seize your hammers, let 'er go.





DE WHITEWASHIN' MAN.

Comin' 'roun' de cohnah am de whitewashin' man; Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin'!

Brush on his shouldah, an' bucket in his han';

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin'!

If he leahns dat yo' sassy, dat yo' steal, or yo' fight,

If yo' don't he'p yo' mammy, and do eva'ting dats right,

Yo' will fin' him by yo' bed on some dahk an' dismal night;

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin'!

DE WHITEWASHIN' MAN.

If yo' bad, he can fin' yo', no mattah whah yo' hide;

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin'!

Wid his long-handle brush he will be da by yo' side;

Take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin'!

If he heahs yo' complainin' 'bout de colah ob yo' skin,

To a ghose he will tu'n yo' wif a coat ob whitenin',

An' yo'll live in a graveyahd fo'evah fo' yo' sin;

So take wahnin', li'l black folks, wahnin'!



BACK HOME.

I want to git back home agin,
An' git there by th' quickest way;
Back to good ol' Poseytown
I want to go, an' go to-day.

This city life may be all right

Fer them as likes its roar an' din;

But as fer me, I've hed enough,

An' I want to git back home agin.

I'm sick of dodgin' 'lectric cars,
Of "Hayseed" here, an' "Rubber!"
there,

Of signs "Keep off the grass," an' rules, An' seein' p'licemen everywhere.

BACK HOME.

I want to git my nerves cammed down, An' stroll agin through th' village street, An' feel th' breeze through th' swayin' elms Where folks say, "How-dy," when they meet.

I want to take my evenin' walk

Down to Holcomb's grocery store,
An' join th' group thet gethers there

To talk th' village happenin's o'er.

Then watch th' mail distributed,
An' along 'bout half-past eight
Bid all good-night, then saunter home,
Where someone's waitin' by th' gate.

When all is locked up fer th' night
I take my lamp an' start upstairs
To find th' peaceful rest that comes
To those who know not city cares.

BACK HOME.

So gimme a ticket fer Poseytown,
An' remember I want it jes' one way;
No matter how cheap th' round trip is,
I'm goin' back home, an' goin' to stay.



INJUNS.

A very bad boy was Willie Green, played hookey every day;

With a yellow-back novel in his lap he passed the hours away,

A-dreaming of the time when he would be like Buffalo Bill

And wear long hair, a wide-brimmed hat, and the Injuns he would kill.

He longed to gallop o'er the plains, hunt Injuns day and night,

Hear bullets singing round his ears, would be his heart's delight.

To slaughter red-skin devils and carve them with his knife;

Scalp every living Injun was his one great aim in life.

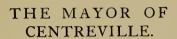
INJUNS.

- Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He saw them everywhere,
- Wide awake, or fast asleep, Injuns still were there;
- Injuns at the football game, at the Wild West Show,
- Injun music, tum, tum, tum, wherever he would go.
- Modocs from the Black Hills, braves from Old Town, Maine.
- Injuns! Injuns! He had Injuns on the brain.

- He'd walk for many a mile to see an Injun-Cowboy play;
- He'd eat a quart of Injun meal for breakfast food each day.
- When Injun Summer came around, he longed to hit the trail,—
- The lack of funds was all that caused his warlike plans to fail.

INJUNS.

- But, oh, the lottery of life! when he grew to man's estate,
- He joined an Injun Medicine Show and took one for a mate;
- And now instead of scalping them, his mind is occupied
- In trying to feed a dozen little Injuns by his side.
- Injuns! Injuns! He sees them everywhere,
- Wide awake or fast asleep, Injuns still are there.
- Injuns at the football game, at the Wild West Show,
- Injun music, tum, tum, tum, wherever he may go.
- Modocs from the Black Hills, braves from Old Town, Maine.
- Injuns! Injuns! Injuns! He had Injuns on the brain.



I'm tall you 'bout my frien' Batiste Napoleon Archambeau,

Dat come from Canadaw ten, twelve, maybe nine, year ago.

He wit' hees brodder Pete dey work in great beeg cotton meel

Somewhere in dat Rhode Island State; I

Batiste get seeck of job an'soon back home he mak' hees way

To Canadaw, an' leave Pete dere to come some nodder day.

Now Pete he's steeck right to hees job, he's what you call steadee;

He never drink, nor smoke cigar; jus' raise beeg familee.

- Soon Pete he have a bank book, an' when on de street he go,
- De boys don't call heem Pete no more; it's Meester Archambeau.
- Somebody met Batiste back home wan day upon de street,
- An' ask him what de news has been latelee from brodder Pete.
- Batiste he say de last letter from Pete back home he's sent,
- It say dat now in Centreville Pete was de President.
- De man say, "President, Batiste? Dere sure is some mistake.
- In little town like Centreville no President is make."
- Den Batiste shake hees head an' say, "Wall, mebbe dat ban so.
- Say, what is call a-a-a lady horse, not horse dat's man, you know?"
- "Oh, you mean a mare." "Dat's hit, my frien'!" cried Batiste with a will;
- "Dat's de kin' of horse my brodder is. He's mayor of Centreville."

A PARADOX.

A youth was born in lowly life
Whose daily round was toil and strife.
He worked his way through college course,
Then started out, and by sheer force
Pushed on to Congress, where the laws
Of State are framed—and all because
He helped himself.



A second youth, with everything
That wealth and influence can bring,
Was dropped from college, would not work,
Then started in a bank as clerk;
Next chapter finds this youth in jail.
The reason why? The same old tale,—
He helped himself.

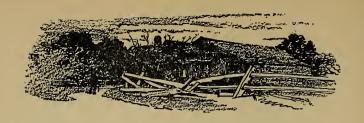




WORTHY OF PARADISE.

A poet died, and when at length His spirit came to Heaven's gate, There stood an angel who would pass In judgment o'er his future state.

- "What hast thou done?" the angel asked, "To claim a place mid the seraphim?"
- "I have refrained," the poet said,
- "From writing a poem with the title 'Jim.'"



AT TWILIGHT.

When the twilight meets the firelight,
And their shadows softly blend,
Then my heart goes out in sadness,
To the day so near its end.

Like the lives of all us mortals,
Each day sinks at last to rest,
While the gathering shadows hover
Like a bird upon its nest.

Another day beyond recalling,
Vanished like the clouds o'erhead.
Gone! Dost thou realize the import
Of the words? To-day is dead!

'Tis the hour for retrospection,
O'er the happenings of a day.
Was it well or idly given,
Canst thou answer, aye or nay?

AT TWILIGHT.

We are traveling toward the twilight;
Like the day now gone to rest,
Soon we all must find a haven.
This has been God's great behest.

Ponder well your every action,

Twilight comes to every one;

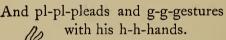
Be prepared to hear your Father

Ask you then, "What hast thou done?"

THE STUTTERING AUCTIONEER.

I'm nearly c-c-razy, almost w-w-wild, I've been so s-s-since I was a ch-ch-child; To all things else I h-h-have been b-b-blind, I've had j-j-just one th-th-thing on my mind: I w-w-want to be an auctioneer.

Th-th-there's something 'bout the way h-h-he stands



No m-m-matter what I have, I deem

M-m-my g-g-greatest joy, my p-p-proudest dream,

T-t-t-to be an auctioneer.

THE STUTTERING AUCTIONEER.

I th-th-thought one day I'd t-t-try my hand; So bought some g-g-goods and t-t-took my stand

Upon a d-d-dry goods box, and there I st-st-started on my way for f-f-fair

To be an auctioneer.

"G-g-give me an offer," first I said,
"For this b-b-beautiful walnut f-f-folding bed."

T-t-two dollars was its c-c-cost t-to me; Why, they r-r-ran it up to t-t-twenty-three. Oh, lucky auctioneer!

I th-th-thought 'twas time t-t-to stop them there

Or soon I'd be a m-m-millionaire; But when to holler, "S-s-sold!" I tried, I c-c-couldn't s-s-say it if I d-d-died.

Oh, luckless auctioneer!

THE STUTTERING AUCTIONEER.

Each bidder cl-cl-claimed he'd b-b-bought the bed.

"It's g-g-getting too h-hot for me," I said; So d-d-down I j-j-jumped, ran to a well, L-l-leaped in, and sh-sh-shouted back, "F-f-farewell."

Unhappy auctioneer!

If a p-p-policeman hadn't heard me shout Wh-wh-when I disappeared, and f-f-fished me out,

All covered with moss and wr-wr-wringing wet, I g-g-guess, by gum, I'd b-b-been there yet,

A half-drowned auctioneer.

I haven't q-quit; oh, no, not me!
I don't g-g-give up s-s-so easily.
I trust b-b-before I come to d-d-die
And go up y-y-yonder in the sky,
I'll have a ch-ch-chance, s-s-someday, from dawn
Till night, to cry, "G-g-going! G-g-gone!"
Then I can say with c-c-conscience cl-cl-clear,
"I d-d-die a f-f-full-fledged auctioneer."

THE CHAP WHO'S TRAVELED.

How easy to spot that wonderful man To whom the earth is a limited span, He's a bore with all the rest of his clan. Who? The chap who thinks he's traveled.

He abhors what is new in trunks or bags, His suit case is plastered completely with tags;

He's heard all the latest stories and gags. Who? This chap who thinks he's traveled.



He imagines by using the *blasé* pose, If he kicks good and strong wherever he goes,

And acts horribly bored, then every one knows

He certainly must have traveled.

THE CHAP WHO'S TRAVELED.

Every waiter is "George" in each café, He longs to be back on "dear Broadway" Where he knows all the stars of every play. Who? This chap who *thinks* he's traveled.

To himself he's a regular "man about town;"

Ten to one he's a bluff and if run down, He's a shoe clerk from Yonkers or Tarrytown,

And that's as far as be's traveled.



'Twas due to Si Rand, of th' Berryville Band, who first interdooced th' craze;

It came like a bolt from a summer sky, an' left th' town in a daze.

Th' Band they wanted new uniforms, some 'at was tailor-made;

With these they could git a job at Troy in th' Fo'th o' July parade.

So they started a paper to raise th' funds, but found that never'd do;

Not a soul outside of th' Band itself would contribute a single sou.

"The critters thet play is th' ones to pay," remarked ol' Beezy Kirk;

"Th' folks thet hes to hear their noise, they're th' ones thet does th' work!"

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

- So things went on in Berryville till abeout a month ago,
- When Si went deown to Boston town, where he saw a Vo-de-ville Show.
- They hed what was called "Livin' Pictures" there, that made a hit with Si.
- Sez he, "Th' show wan't nothin' great, but them pictures took my eye."
- Then Si proposed thet Berryville should hev some "pictures" too.
- Sez he, "we could take th' profits thet we make an' buy us them uniforms, new."
- Th' members of th' Band, with a few f'om outside, an' some live stock that's tame,
- Could pose fer th' different characters an' scenes, inside of a big gilt frame.
- Si sed he knew jes how 'twas done, an' if they'd let him hev his way
- He'd give 'em a show thet Berryville 'ud remember for many a day.
- Th' scheme was received as th' easiest way to raise th' sum desired,
- An' Si was appointed a committee of one to git everything required.

He sed th' price should be popular, within th' reach of all;

At twenty-five an' thirty-five they couldn't but pack th' hall.

That night he drew th' plans fer th' frame,—
'twas to be'bout twelve foot square,—

An' he lay awake nearly all night long, figurin' out what each 'd wear.

Some biblical scenes mixed in between fer th' church-goers, Si allowed,

Together with groups of worldlier themes, would be sure to catch th' crowd.

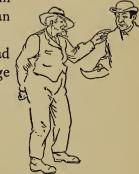
So he picked Chub Hurd, who played double-bass, an' th' strongest man in teown,

To pose in the role of Samson when he tore th' temple deown.

Th' Bumpstead children, six in all, were grouped in a scene called "Spring";

While Maginnis, only Irishman in town, was to do a "Scotchman in th' Highland Fling."

Miss Clementina King, a sweet, sad thing, who wrote fer th' village press, 31



- Was to pose as Longfellow's Evangeline, in a milk-white muslin dress.
- Si sed this one would be marvelous, a perfect pastural scene;
- So he rented a calf, fer a ticket an' a half, to pose with Evangeline.
- Th' calf was owned by the Widder Hunt, an' if she hed ever known
- What th' calf would do when it made its "day-bu," well, Miss King would have posed alone.
- Th' masterpiece was "A Day on th' Farm," a reg'lar scene from life,
- With some hens an' a goat, flock of sheep an' a shoat, were standin' 'round a farmer an' his wife.
- Well, everything went as smooth as silk right up to th' time of th' show;
- Th' hall was packed, never seen such a crowd way deown to th' very front row.
- With his hair well iled, Si smirked an' smiled, shook hands an' nodded an' bowed,

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

Swelled up with pride, an' chuckled inside, as hethought of th' profit in th' crowd.

At th' back of th' stage confusion reigned; the animals blatted an' crowed,

An' to make things worse in the middle of it all, Maginnis arrived with a load.

Irishman like he wanted to fight an' was bound thet he would sing;

So Si he guessed 'twas altogether best to dispense with th' Highland Fling.

When th' Bumpstead children laid deown their wreaths, jes' fore they entered th' frame,

Th' goat got loose, by slipping of his noose, an' proceeded to eat the same.

This was too much for Si, and with blood in his eye he made fer th' goat like a flash;

Mr. Goat humped his back, met Silas' attack, an' they both came together with a crash.

Well, 'twas eight fifty-two' fore they fetched Si to, an' they started on picture one.

Si thought an earthquake had struck the stage but the excitement had only begun.

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

When they got to th' scene of Evangeline, Miss King turned pale in th' face

When she saw four men seize th' calf in its pen, an' drag it out to its place;

There she posed with her pail, while th' calf whisked its tail, and wobbled and shook with fear;

As the curtain was raised, th' calf seemed dazed, till it heard the audience cheer;

Then it let out a blat, knocked Evangeline flat, quivered, side-stepped, bellered, an' fell

Clean out of th' frame, tippin' over th' same, then made fer the crowd pell-mell.

Th' big gilt frame when it downward came struck the footlights and smashed them on th' floor;

In the darkness that follered, everybody hollered an' made a mad dash fer th' door.

When at last all were out, and scurryin' about, tryin' to see what damage was done, 34

LIVIN' PICTURES AT BERRYVILLE.

- They heard a loud roar, an' out through th' door came th' calf, as if shot from a gun.
- With its tail in th' air, it ran like a hare; its course no one dared to retard;
- We knew mighty well, if nothin' befell, 'twould soon be in Widder Hunt's yard.
- Thus ended th' show of the Berryville Band, an' "Si's Livin' Pictures" as well.
- Whatever became of th' money they made, no one's ever been able to tell;
- But if you should happen to visit th' town, unless you're a marksman of skill,
- Be sure an' not mention "Livin' Pictures" to one of th' natives of Berryville.

A LESSON FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

- Is there any moral to be found in the rhymes of Mother Goose?
- There certainly is, and good ones, too, if the reader's not obtuse.
- For instance, take the one about our old friends Jack and Jill,
- And their perilous adventure with the bucket on the hill.
- The moral is that when you go for liquid in a pail,
- Whether it be of water pure or possibly of ale,
- Don't take a maiden with you to help you bring it back,
- Or you may get all tangled up, as did our good friend Jack.

A LESSON FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

Then there was that observing miss—I mean the one called Muffet,

She who always ate her meals while seated on a tuffet.

The lesson is that when you see black spiders in the air,

It's time you sought a Keeley cure and changed your bill of fare.

The moral in the jingling rhymes that tell of Little Bo Peep,

Is never to worry when you miss such property as sheep;

Your innocent lambs, all nicely shorn, in Wall Street you can find,

And the tales they tell will certainly beat the tails they left behind.

A LESSON FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

- There's the story of the picman who once journeyed to a fair,
- And the nerve of Simple Simon, who asked to taste his ware.
- This teaches when a fellow's broke, a fair's no place to go;
- For you can't get pie and other things unless you have the dough.

- Although her name belied her gifts, old Mother Goose well knew
- What she was doing when she wrote such lines as Little Boy Blue.
- While blowing his horn she blew her own, and now where'er you roam,
- You will find no place without her book's worth calling "Home Sweet Home."

EVERYTHING REMINDS ME SO OF CHICKEN.

Fo' 'bout a month this dahkey has been tryin'

To shake his sinful ways and be religious, But dere seems to be a hoo-doo round me lyin',

My temptations dey have grown to be prodig'yus.

Fo'instance, I'se a natch'al taste fo' chicken, An'it seems to be my fate where'er I go, Even though I may be comin' from prayer meetin',

I'm sure to hear some rooster softly crow.

An' so I makes de claim

Dat a dahkey ain't to blame

Fo' dat ol' desire dat's ever to him stickin',

No matter whah he'll go.

At least I've found it so,

Everything reminds me so of chicken.

Dis mornin' while at work a fence whitewashin',

Some boys was playin' base-ball 'cross de way;

De langwidge dat dey used was powerful shockin';

'Twas enough to make dis dahkey's hair turn gray.

I started den to give dose boys a lickin'; When dey saw my objeck dey began to howl.

Jus' den dat ball come bang against my stomach,

An' I jus' remember someone yellin' "Foul."

An' so I makes de claim

Dat a dahkey ain't to blame,

Fo' no doubt dose boys dey well

deserved a lickin',—

But even den I will be bound,

As I lay dah on de ground,
Dat "Foul" dey hollered made
me think of chicken.

Jus' one more instance I am bound to mention,

The memory of it fills my soul with shame.

I fell asleep in church las' Sunday mornin'. Since it happened, I have never been de same.

'Bout "Angels' wings" de preacher man was talkin',

I was dreamin' 'bout a chicken, I've no doubt;

When I heard him mention wings I whispered softly,

"Don't forget dat hen-house do' when you come out."

An' so I makes de claim

Dat a dahkey ain't to blame

Fo' dat ol' desire dat's ever to him stickin',

No mattah where he'll go.

Even at church I found it so,

There was something THERE reminding me
of chicken.



Dear mother, now that thy loving face Is gone from its old accustomed place, My heart turns back with a dull, sad pain, To those days that will ne'er return again. And I long for the time of youth once more, To hear thy voice as I did of yore, Making the burdens of boyhood light By the mother-love in each fond goodnight;

And I think of rewards that were thine by right,—

Had I only known.

Brave, patient soul, through all the strife And cares that fell to a mother's life, Thou gav'st no token of inward grief, But bore thy burdens with a firm belief That we are but creatures of God's command,

To be moulded as clay in the potter's hand. Thy greatest pleasure, thy constant thought, To accept His teachings and question naught.

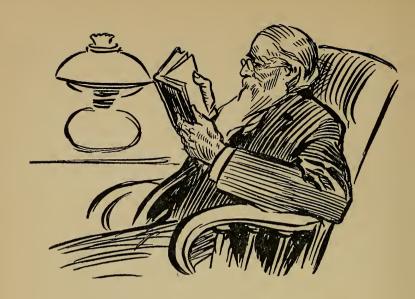
What lessons to me by thy life were taught,—

Had I only known.

'Tis hard to think of that fateful day
When we came to the parting of the way;
And though hours of sadness have passed
since then,

'Twould be cruel to wish thee back again;
For where thou art I know full well
Thy loving presence will cast its spell,
And there, dear mother, I long to be,
Seeking forgiveness on bended knee
For those duties delayed,—my debt to
thee,—

Had I only known.



I'm jes' a plain old farmer, an' my occupashun's such

'T I never went to college, an' I dunno overmuch

Abeout the frills an' furbelows of higher eddicashun;

But readin' books for years has been my princ'pal recreashun.

- Take winter evenin's, when outside the ground is white with snow,
- I sit in my old rockin'-chair, by the fireside's ruddy glow,
- And foller hist'ry's onward march, from the earliest days of men
- Down to the time when incubators did duty fer th' hen.

- Then I hev my nights when poetry seems to soothe my tired old head;
- It brings a peaceful feelin' when I go upstairs to bed.
- I like the jingle of the rhymes, they lull me off ter rest;
- An' that James Whitcomb Riley is the one that suits me best.

- His rhymes are so blame satisfyin' they git ye from th' first;
- They're like a draught from some cold spring when you're burnin' up with thirst.
- Th' feller seems to know jes' how to sorter aidge his way
- Right plumb into yer confidence, an' then he's there to stay.
- If any man can read that one abeout "Old Man an' Jim"
- Without th' pathos of it all a-comin' home to him,
- If it didn't 'fect him that way, an' he was anywhere's near by,
- You bet I'd buy a watch-dog an' hev my hens roost high.

- Then "The Goblins 'll Git Ye." That's so creepy, I'll be blessed,
- The chills went up my ol' spine bone, an' I yelled like all possessed.
- I had a feelin' like it once, it made my blood congeal;
- 'Twas when wadin' barefoot in the pond an' I stepped upon an eel.

- Take "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," with its wealth of tender rhyme,
- "'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset," an' that one "In Swimmin'-Time";
- That last was so blame natural I started then an' there
- To peel my clothes off—yes, I did!—an' dive right off the chair.

- Lucindy grabbed me jes' in time or I'd surely broke my neck.
- You see when once he gits ye they ain't no power can check
- The flights yer immaginashun takes; it carries you everywheres.
- You can see the hold it got on me, makin' spring-boards out o' chairs.

- I'm gettin' toward threescore an' ten, an' I hain't got long to stay;
- But while I'm spared my eyesight I will pass the time away
- A-readin' Riley—bless him! An' God grant him many years
- Of health, an' wealth, an' happiness, with nary cause fer tears.

MY CHIPS.

(A heart throb from a follower of the great American game, after reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "My Ships.")

If all the chips I have at sea
Should happen to return to me,—
Those stacks of red and blue and white
That I have blown e'en many a night,—
Oh, what a joyous time 'twould be
To see those chips return to me!

If half my chips came back to me, You'd see some tall hilarity. If ever that pipe-dream came true, My wealth would rival any Jew, So rich the treasures that would be In half my chips now out at sea.



MY CHIPS.

If just one chip I have at sea,
A blue one, say, should come to me,
'Twould be most welcome, for I'm broke,
With all my summer wear in soak.
A blue one would just set me free
From ignominious poverty.

O Fate, be kind! O Fortune, too, And send them all, red, white, and blue! But if you needs must hold some back, Remember, when you sort the stack, Just pick one out of bluish hue, And send that blue one P. D. Q.!

WHEN MAH LADY YAWNS.

When mah Cah'line yawns, ah'm 'spicious

Dat she tinks de time po'pitious Fo' me to tu'n mah 'tention to de clock upon de wall.

Dats de cue to quit mah talkin', An' a gentle hint dat walkin' Would flicitate de briefness of mah call.

Th' fus' gal that ah coh'ted—
Ouah ma'idge it was thwated,
Because ah was so green ah didn' know
When she yawned it was behoovin'
Dat dis dahkey should be movin',
Twell at las' she says, "Fo' Lawd's sake,
niggah, go!"

WHEN MAH LADY YAWNS.

Den ah took mah hat an' stahted, An' f'om dat hour we pahted, An' ah nevah seen dat cullud gal no mo'. But it taught me dis yer lesson Dat a yawn am de expression Dat invites yo' to be movin' to'ards de do'.

So take dis friendly wah'nin,—
Should yo' lady-love staht yawnin',
Although de sudden pah'ting cost yo' pain,
If she's one you'd like t' marry,
Aftah one good yawn don' tarry,
Den yo' sho'ly will be welcome da again.

[Dedicated to the members of the Lyceum and Dramatic profession who have experienced some of the trials and tribulations of the one-night stands.]

Have you ever heard of the town called Yap?

It's a place not featured on the map,

Nor will you find its name inside

The covers of a Railroad Guide.

But if you have toured from Portland,
Maine,
Out to the Rocky Mountain Chain,
And from New Orleans to Calumet,
This town you never can forget.

When you strike the station, in the air You feel "the frost" that's waiting there To seize you in its iced embrace The moment that you show your face.

No agent or baggage man in sight As you sadly down from the train alight! The place may bear another name, But this is Yaptown just the same.

A mile of mud to the Farmer's Home— Talk of the Klondike or Cape Nome! Touring that country would be a snap Compared to an evening spent in Yap.

Two dollars per for a room like a cell; You take it or leave it, or go to—well, Down goes your name; what else can you do?

So you take your medicine and give up your two.

When you reach your room you breathe a prayer

That heaven will preserve you while sleeping there;

The bed has a mattress as hard as a stone, At the thought of rest you inwardly groan.

You gaze at the bed, then turn down the sheet,

Knowing all too well what your eyes will meet.

They are there—the one live thing, by gum! In the whole blame town who are glad you have come.

When you glance at yourself in the lookingglass,

A horrible change has come to pass;
One eye is gone from its usual place,
While your nose is twisted all over your
face.

In the depths of the pitcher lurking there You discover a lock of the chambermaid's hair;

While a fungous growth in the washbowl appears,

That has been collecting for years and years.

The hotel is bad, but the town hall's worse;

The fire-engine's stored there, likewise the hearse;

It's used for court-house, inquests and jail;

Likewise for hangings, if such should prevail.

The worst is to come when you show that night!

The collection of Yaps is a wonderful sight;

They smell of horse as they all troop in, And whistle and yell for the show to begin.

When you get to the quietest part of the play,

Down the aisle comes the janitor wending his way,

And proceeds to the stove and dumps the grate,

And rattles in coal at a fearful rate.

You grind your teeth and rail at fate,

And cuss the agent who booked the date,

And long for the hour and the train that will hear

You away from Yaptown, no matter where.

You hear such remarks as these of your play:

"'Twas too blame solemn," is what they say;

"We hain't no use, an' never will stand Fer a troupe too poor to carry a band."

If I had to sentence a man for a crime, He'd never go to prison to work out his time,

Nor swing from a gallows in a hangman's cap;

He'd get something worse—I'd send him to Yap.

If he lived there long his atonement he'd win;

He couldn't get worse, whatever his sin.

When he came to die, there is one thing sure—

What he got after Yap would be easy to endure.



I will tell you of a troupe, a wooden-headed group,

Of figures who were called "Les Marionettes."

In the program of the show, on some wires to and fro,

They were made to dance the stately minuet;

At the finish of their act, in a box they all were packed,

To there remain until the following day, But a wired electric light overhanging them one night

Broke and from the ceiling chanced to fall their way,

Then a bunch of lightning shocks went tearing through the box,

Which brought to life these manikins of wood;

Quickly out from their retreat, they came scrambling to their feet,

And there upon the stage each figure stood. Then the leading Marionette, on the little wood souhrette

Shot glances at her in a love-lorn way,

And with wobble-jointed stride, he hobbled to her side,

And standing there amazed she heard him say:

Oh, my Lady Marionette, as we've danced the minuet,

For years I've longed to tell you of the feeling

That has split my heart of wood, so oft misunderstood,

That now no power can stop my love revealing.

So come to my arms, my Lady Marionette; May I be turned to sawdust if my love I should forget,

So to signify our pleasure, let us trip a stately measure,

To-night we'll need no wires to dance, my Lady Marionette.

But a witness of the scene comes now to intervene,—

None other than the Villain Marionette.

For him no deed too vile, with his wicked leering smile,

He too would have the little wood soubrette.

When he saw the loving pair, he hissed and tore his hair,

And vowed he cut the hero's heart in twain, But the latter fearing naught, his blade he quickly sought,

And soon the blows were falling there like rain.

All the figures held their breath, watched the duel to the death,

As in and out and round the stage they flew. Every thrust the hero made, with his keen and trusty blade,

From the wooden villain clipped a chip or two.

Till at last reduced to pegs were the villain's wooden legs,

Then followed both his arms, his trunk and head.

As the hero watched him die, said he, "My friend, you're one chip shy!"

Then turning to his lady love he said:

Oh, my Lady Marionette, as we've danced the minuet,

For years I've longed to tell you of the feeling That has split my heart of wood, so oft misunderstood,

That now no power can stop my love revealing;

So come to my arms, my Lady Marionette; May I be turned to sawdust if my love I should forget,

So to signify our pleasure, let us trip a stately measure;

To-night we'll need no wires to dance, my Lady Marionette.



CONSTANCY.

Fifty years we have journeyed this life together.

Does it seem that long to you, Asthore, Since firsht I came to your father's cottage

And shyly knocked at the cabin door?

- Me heart shtood shtill whin you bade me enter.
 - No queen could have ruled with more grace on a throne,
- As, held there, thransfixed by your royal beauty,
 - I longed for the hour I could call ye me own.
- 'Twas thin I learned that life widout ye Would be robbed of all charm, leave nothin' but tears.
- How I guarded meself against such a misfortune
 - Is easily seen by the pasht fifty years.
- We have had our full measure of sadness an' sorrow.
 - Whin th' burdens were heavy, we each bore our share;
- But sunshine will ever come forth from th' shadow,
 - An' thrue love will banish th' clouds of despair.

CONSTANCY.

Though we've nearly come to th' end of our journey,

Let us both shtill continue to cheer with a song.

When the hour comes to pass to th' home of hereafter,

God grant whin we part it will not be for long.



THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

I want to tell yeou 'beout a time we hed the other day,

Me an' all the fam'ly deown to the Cheetau-quay.

They'd been advertisin' of it, fer sev'ral months er more,—

Posters in the Post Office an' at th' groc'ry store;

But th' fust real infermation I got abeout the thing

Was when Jane, my eldest darter, came hum from Normal School this spring.

She couldn't talk 'beout nothin' else; sed "'Twould be an uplift for us all."

I told her we got our "uplift" when the cyclun struck las' fall,

But if 'twas all 'twas advertised an' sech an all-fired show,

THE CHEE-TAU-QUAY.

- I'd drop my plantin' fer a spell an' fix things so's to go.
- Well, we got up bright an' airly, hed the childern washed an' drest,
- Wife put on her new alpacca—I got eout my flowered vest.
- There wuz me an' Mandy, Jane an' Hi, the twins, an' Willum J.
- An' 'beout nine o'clock that mornin' we struck the Chee-tau-quay.
- Ye never see sech crowds er folks, seemed like from everywhere,—
- Ministers an' schoolmarms, ol' an' young, wuz gathered there.
- They hed a great big circus tent with a rostrum on one side,
- An' 'twas here, Jane tol us, that the talunt would preside.
- Well, 'beout ten o'clock they rung a bell an' the band begun to play,
- An' folks commenced to crowd the tent, mor'n er thousand, I should say.
- They played a piece called "Susie's March"—'twould lift you off the seat.



- A preacher jest in front uv me hed ter fairly hold his feet.
- I felt jest like a two-year-old, seemed like I walked on air,
- Haint herd sech all-round music sence the Red Rock County Fair.
- Then four fellers took the rostrum an' sung a song abeout ther sea,—
- Fer vocal satisfaction, they just suited to a T.
- They wuz really so extray-fine we hed to hev them back,
- An' they responded by singin' 'beout a "Teacher and a Tack.'
- Funny? Jeekus-Pokus! It seemed as if I'd split,
- An' Willum J. jest hollered, we thought he'd hev a fit!
- Then they hed a Minister's Conference, beat any Camp Meetin' on earth,—
- Talk abeout yer argifyin', there's where yer got yer money's worth.
- Every sect wuz ripresented, Baptists an' Cammelites,

- Metherdists an' Lutherans, all clamoring for their rights.
- Each hed his own opinion abeout theology,
- Their doctrines wuz diffrunt, but on one thing they'd agree,—
- To beat the devil reound the stump in the good old-fashioned way,
- But that I learnt 'z the objeck of the Cheetau-quay.
- They hadn't more'n finished 'fore the band commenced ter play
- Ter summons folks tergether fer the discourse of ther day.
- We all trooped over to the tent and got a good front seat;
- Somethin' seemed ter tell me we wuz goin' ter hev a treat.
- The Quartette sung another song, follered by a prayer,
- Then a common-lookin' feller riz up slowly from a chair
- An' wuz interdooced as "Sam'l Jones," who would try to find a way

- Ter occupy ther 'tention with a few things he might say.
- Wal—talk abeout yeour preachers, boy orators and sich,
- Why, the way he larruped ev'ry thing, it cert'nly wuz rich!
- He'd take the Presbyterians and roast them to a breown,
- And when the Methodists 'ud laff, he'd turn right straight areound,
- And flail them wuss than t'others. Then he'd go fer hypercrits.
- He more than trimmed their whiskers and fairly give 'em fits.
- He'd tell some simple story that 'ud fill yer eyes with tears,
- Then he'd show yer yer shortcummings with all yer doubts and fears.
- The power he hed to poke truths home, I tell yer 'twas immense,
- And underneath it all there wuz allus such good hoss sense.
- He kep' it up fer full two hours, when he stopped 'twas still as death,—

- Everybody jest a-starin' and a-holdin' uv ther breath.
- I've heard some p'litical speeches and some sermons in my day,
- But he cert'ly beat anything thet ever come my way.
- Along abeout dark we started hum, the moon a-smilin' deoun,
- Seemin' glad to be of service, as we journeyed frum the town.
- We got reound hum beout 'leven er-clock, an' I've got this much ter say:—
- That fer satisfaction guaranteed—give me the Chee-tau-quay.

In a shady nook by a babbling brook Which ran through the heart of a wood, A lily fair with queenly air Like a lonely sentinel stood.

And a friendship grew between the two,
The brook and the lily fair,
And every look of the tinkling brook
Told of a passion rare.

And all day long the brook's glad song
Echoed the woodland through,
And it told such a tale of hill and dale,
That the lily restless grew.



Till it said with a sigh, "Oh! would that I Might have the power to flee Away from the wood and its solitude, And go down with the brook to the sea.

"Why should I live and my fragrance give To a spot so cheerless and dark? There is nothing here to bring me cheer And I long to be free like the lark."

Then the little brook wore a troubled look, And its song seemed sad all day; As the lily sighed the brook replied, "You know not what you say!"

"Should you ever roam from this woodland home, You would find that the world out there Is filled with grief and unbelief, And that honest hearts are rare.

"But here in the wood one feels the good That follows a life that is pure; God sends from above his tokens of love That we may live and endure."

But each kind word only deeper stirred The desire in the lily fair To be off and away to an endless day Where beauty was everywhere.

How little is known of the seeds that are sown

By the demon Discontent!

Like a poisoned dart, they enter the heart
Until it is torn and rent.

There came a day when the song so gay Of the brook was hushed and low, For the lily at last its spell had cast O'er the brook that had loved it so.

When the morning light pushed back the night

And the sun rose out of the East, The lily found that the cheering sound Of the little brook had ceased.

Then the lily knew what is all too true, That Discontent in the heart, If left to thrive, will surely drive The dearest of friends apart.

As twilight fell o'er the woody dell, Gone was the brook from its bed; While drooping there so white and fair, By its side lay the lily dead.



NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

I 'ad a pal some years ago, 'is name was 'Enry Ide;

It must 'ave been near twenty years since 'Enry hup and died;

If ever 'e got in a scrape 'e wouldn't soy a word—

'E'd shut hup like a hoyster—not a seound from 'im was 'eard.

NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

- The other cove might storm areound an' blow 'im hinside eout,
- But 'Enry seemed all hinnercent of wot 'twas all abeout—
- Then afterward 'e'd drop 'is heye in a knowin' sort o' woy,
- A smile would steal across 'is face an' then you'd 'ear 'im soy:
 - Hit's never well to talk too much; you'll find that hif you do,
 - You'll 'ave a 'eap o' trouble a-pilin' on to you;
 - Hits better far to 'old your tongue, look hinnercent and shoy—
 - No man was ever known to 'ang for wot' 'e didn't 'soy.
- Now Ide 'e howned a parrot once, a sacrilegious bird,
- Hits language hit was horful, quite the worst I ever 'eard;
- One day hit sat upon the stoop when a stray dog passed hits cage—

NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

- At sight of this poor 'omeless cur, Poll flew into a rage.
- She yelled an' squawked an' called the dog a most hoffensive name;
- The dog then made a dash at Poll—'e surely wan't to blame.
- 'E chewed Poll's tail hoff, bit 'er wings, an' left 'er there 'alf dead;
- Just then Ide came hupon the scene an' this to Polly said:
 - Hit's never well to talk too much; you'll find that hif you do,
 - You'll 'ave a 'eap o' trouble a-pilin' on to you;
 - Hit's better far to 'old your tongue, look hinnercent an' shoy—
 - No man was ever known to 'ang for wot' 'e didn't soy.
- One night Ide got a bit too much while dining with some friends,—
- Good liquor an' good fellowship to a flow of reason tends;

NO MAN WAS EVER KNOWN TO 'ANG FOR WOT 'E DIDN'T SOY.

Ide's tongue at last was loosened, an' when 'e reached 'is 'ouse

At midnight 'e was greeted by 'is fond and loving spouse.

'E started then to rail at 'er an' tell 'er wot 'e thought

Habout th' duties hof a woife,—'twas pleasure dearly bought;

She grabbed poor Ide, an' cuffed 'is ears, then threw 'im on the floor,

An' standing there she softly spoke these words 'ed 'eard before;

Hit's never well to talk too much; you'll find that hif you do,

You'll 'ave a 'eap o' trouble a-pilin' on to you.

Hit's better far to 'old your tongue, look hinnercent an' shoy—

No man was ever known to 'ang for wot' 'e didn't soy.



THE LAST STRAW.

His name is Litzschaikowtzski,— Whene'er he telephones, He wishes good kind Providence Had christened him plain Jones.

For when a voice says, "Name, please?"
And he does his best to tell it—
The limit surely has been reached
When echo answers, "Spell it!"



THE COLORED LOCHINVAR.

A coon named Ephrum Bascom loved a Miss Amelia Barr.

One night she told him 'bout th' ride of gay young Lochinvar;

She filled Eph's head with romance 'bout knights of high degree,

Of barons bold, an' ladies fair, an' deeds of chivalry.

Next day Eph stole an ol' gray mule, then made a suit of tin;

An' like those knights he'd heard about rode forth his bride to win.

He galloped to Amelia's house, an' as she lay in bed

She heard Eph's voice out in the road, an' this is what he said:

O Miss Amelia, I've come to steal yeb, An' take yo' way from heah I don't care whar.

Come be my blushin' bride, an' dis milk white steed we'll ride,

So come out an' join yo' colored Lochinvar.

The noise awoke Amelia's dad, an' thinking that some thief

Was prowling 'round, he grabbed his gun and started after Eph.

Through the window pane he thrust the gun, then fired at Ephrum's head.

Th' shot went low an' the old gray mule received th' charge instead.

Fo' a minute all was still as death, then waiting fo' no' mo'

Th' mule let out an awful wail an' down th' road he toah.

Amelia called out, "Lochinvar, oh, come back to youah bride,"

But Eph had othah business, an thus to her replied:

THE COLORED LOCHINVAR.

O Miss Amelia, I got to leave you,
I'm gwine to let you stay jes whah yo' are;
Don't talk no mo' to me 'bout dem knights
an' chivalry,
Yo' can get some othah coon fo' Lochinvar.





A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

Oh, how well do I remember!

'Twas a warm day in September

That I foolishly went shopping

With my wife, a two months' bride.

As o'er the trip I ponder,

I vow ne'er again to wander

Into one of those department-stores,

No matter who my guide.

She carefully approached me,
And she wheedled and she coaxed me
To go along and help select
A pattern for a dress.
Little did I think on starting
Of how near we'd come to parting
Before we ended up that trip
Of sorrow and distress.

It was "Bargain Day," she told me, As the store we entered boldly; I thought there was a riot

When we got inside the door.
There were females of all ages,
Some who ought to be in cages;
For they fought like wild hyenas
Rushing madly through the store.

My heart was palpitating,
And my eyes with fear dilating,
As I gazed in terror at the scene
Which now before us passed.
Like a storm upon the ocean
Was this terrible commotion,

And something seemed to tell me That this moment was our last.

Into this vortex whirling,
With my coat-tails round me curling,
We plunged together, vowing
That we'd get that dress or die.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

But what a foolish notion!

When we struck that whirlpool motion

We were rudely torn asunder,

With no chance to say "Goodbye!"

A big fat woman grasped me, And in her arms she clasped me, Then straightened back and threw me

Some twenty feet or more.

I felt a sudden crashing,
Through a skylight I went dashing,
And when I gained my senses
I was on the basement floor.

Here were clothes-pins, tubs and blueing, Washboards, mops, and pans for stewing, And stacks of kitchen furniture Where'er my eyes would roam. I had no time to tarry,
But ran like "the old Harry,"
And up the stairs I made a dash
For "Home, Sweet Home."

But when I gained the landing
I found a bluecoat standing;
My crazy-like appearance
Was suspicious, I've no doubt;
Then he set my blood congealing
As he roared, "So! you've been stealing.
We've been watching you for weeks,
young man,
And now we've found you out."

Then toward the street we started,
But soon we too got parted.
Some females formed a flying wedge,
And away went Mr. Cop.
I offered no objection
To his seeming disaffection,
But 'round I went, gyrating;
I couldn't seem to stop.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

"Cash!" on the air was falling;
And knowing that my wife would be
Wherever that was found,
For this spot I now went tearing,
For my safety little caring,
If I could only reach the place
And find her safe and sound.

I heard a shrill voice calling;

There I saw her calmly standing, While to her a clerk was handing A measly little bundle;

'Twas the cause of all my woe.
Then turning she smiled sweetly,
And stepping up to greet me,
Said, "Oh, here you are, my darling,
Are you ready now to go?"

That she was sane I doubted.
"Ready?" I loudly shouted,
"Well, you can bet I'm ready."
Then I grasped her by the wrist.

A DEPARTMENT STORE DITTY.

"In the future when you're dropping
Into this mad-house shopping,
Please remember it's my busy day
And scratch me off your list."

Now before I'm disappearing,
To all married men in hearing
I have a word of warning,
And perhaps 't will save you

And perhaps 't will save your life.
Get a football suit well padded,
Have a course in wrestling added;
For you certainly will need them
If you're shopping with your wife.



THE DESERTED FARM.

By an old, deserted farm I chanced to pass to-day,

With its battered windows, sunken roof, and clapboards warped and gray.

And looking through the open door at rooms now cold and bleak,

I thought of all that it might tell if it could only speak;

Of the joy it gave the loving pair who first came years ago,

And called it home and sat beside the fireside's ruddy glow.

While winter storms beat loud against the frosty window-pane,

No matter what the world outside, here peace within would reign.

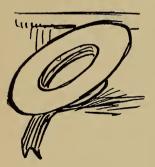
THE DESERTED FARM.

- I felt the kitchen's genial warmth, with pans like burnished steel,
- And heard the steady droning of the good wife's spinning wheel.
- I saw the evening shadows on the wall flit to and fro,
- The rafters hung with ears of corn and peppers in a row;
- Then Christmas-time and the relatives who gathered once a year
- Around the board weighed down with all its wealth of homely cheer.
- The table cleared, then came the strife beneath the mistletoe
- To gain the kiss that caused the blush on maiden cheek to glow.
- The seasons change, the years roll on, the tenants come and go;
- Each has his cup of pleasure, and each his share of woe.
- First comes the happy wedding; then death turns joy to tears;

THE DESERTED FARM.

- Thus follows each successive scene that marks the passing years.
- How like the tenants of the past:—naught now remains to tell
- Of all its former glory but the old deserted shell.
- Its mouldering form will soon return to dust from whence it came;
- Then all that's left to mark the spot is the memory of its name.
 - With weather-beaten visage this old deserted farm
 - Brings back the days of long ago, with all their added charm
 - To those who revel in the past and bygone memories seek,
 - Oh, what a story it might tell, if it could only speak.





A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

My Ma spends nearly all the time

A-findin fault with me; Ses my manners are jes' shockin'

An' mos' scanalous to see.

An' every time that comp'ny comes

I drive her nearly wild;
She says that folks 'll surely say

I am a spoiled child.

I never do a single thing
That seems to her jes' right;
An' it's "Henry, don't!" and
"Henry, sh-h,"
From mornin' until night.

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

I'm gettin purty sick of it,
An' if I aint let be,
I'll take my bank an' empty it
An' run away to sea.

Because I use my knife fer pie, Ma thinks it is a sin; The last time that I used a fork I jabbed it in my chin.

It's perfeckly disgustin',

These rules they make fer boys;

W'y don't folks mind their business

An' quit harpin' 'bout "our noise?'"

Boys is like the animals,

They like to feel they're free

To romp around and shake theirselves,

An' see what they can see.

And if they wants to bite their nails, Er cross their legs, er dance, Why not let 'em do it, Even if they tear their pants?

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

I'm jest a-longin' fer the time When I'll be big like Pa, And shave myself and stay out nights, An' answer back to Ma.

If ever that time comes, you bet,
I'll be dignified, an' say,
"Too much manners is bad fer boys,
An' now you're gettin' your pay."



OCTOBER.

The foliage now is slowly turning,
Shifting its summer cloak of green
To one surpassing royal splendor,
The gift of Autumn to woodland scene.

The hilltops, one vast blaze of glory,
Seen decked in holiday attire,
Tinging the sky with a color vivid
As light that glows from some forest fire.

The voices of Nature's myriad children
In plaintive key on our senses fall,
Hinting of days when the warmth of
Autumn

Will be chilled by Winter's snow-white pall.

We thus are brought to an understanding Of the perfectness of the Master's plan— To make of nature a mighty canvas, The paintings thereon His gift to man.

OFE



GOOD EVENIN' MISTAH MOON?

When Enoch Thompson hummed a bar of "Sweet By-and-By"

You knew a truck-patch soon would be a water-milyun shy,

An' one patch in pa'ticular was his supreme delight,

An' to this spot he wandered on a dark an' cloudy night.

Beneath the fence he crawled with care, an' there upon his knees

A big round juicy milyun he was just about to seize,

When sudden from behind a cloud the moon burst forth and shed

Its light on Enoch, who looked up and sheepishly then said:

- Why good evenin,' Mistah Moon, I say good evenin',
- Ahn't you 'pearin' rather soon 'round heah dis evenin'?
- Ise some special work to do, an' de less
 I see of you
- I'd appreciate exceedingly dis evenin'.
- So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say good evenin',
- You're appearin' much too soon 'round heah dis evenin'.
- I don't like yo' company, it's obnoxious like to me,
- So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say good evenin'.
- Now Enoch loved a dusky maid, Cadosia Green by name,
- One look from her was quite enough to set his heart aflame;
- But old man Green had vowed he would fill Enoch full of shot,
- If he caught him with Cadosia he would shoot him on the spot.

From a party Enoch had returned with her one evening late,

And sheltered by the darkness they stood cooing by the gate.

'Twas Enoch's chance to claim a kiss; "Yum-Yum" he might have said,

But alas! jus' then the moon burst forth an' this was heard instead:

Why good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say good evenin',

Abn't you 'pearin' rather soon 'round heah dis evenin'?

Ise some special work to do, an' de less I see of you

I'd appreciate exceedingly dis evenin'.

So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say good evenin',

You're appearin' much too soon round heah dis evenin'.

I don't like yo' company, it's obnoxious like to me,

So good evenin', Mistah Moon, I say, good evenin'.

CALAMITY BROWN.

Talk about misfortune! there was a feller in our town,
His name was Roscoe Ebenezer
Adoniram Brown,
It started when he got that name,
and from that very day
He kep a-hevin' accidents, an'
sickness came his way.



Before he reached the age of two he'd hed the whoopin'-cough,

Measles, croup an' chilblains, an' blown a finger off.

His afflictions were so numerous that he got a wide renown,

An' folks would always speak of him as ol' Calamity Brown.

- He'd hed the rheumatism, warts, scurvy an' the gout;
- Also hed all kinds of cramps (they turned him inside out),
- Appendicitis, wakeful nights, an' bunions on his feet,
- Dyspepsia, rash an' rickets, salt-rheum an' prickly heat.
- He'd been run over by the cars, been bitten by a snake,
- Captured by the Indians who tried to burn him at the stake.
- Struck by lightning, broke a leg falling from a tree,
- Nearly drowned while bathing, an' got water on the knee.
- In spite of these afflictions, which brought so many stings,
- Brown's trouble took another course; it began by losin' things.

CALAMITY BROWN.

- At first he lost his pocket-book, followed by his cane,
- Next he lost a bunch of keys, and then his watch and chain;
- Then he lost his favorite horse, together with his cow;
- A cyclone took his flock of hens, a stone drag and a plow.
- One day he tried to blast some rocks from off a neighbor's farm;
- The thing went prematurely off an' he lost a leg an' arm.
- The blast took hair an' eyebrows, also took his sight;
- This caused a loss of memory, his nerve an' appetite.
- Brown had a tragic ending; as he lay one day in bed
- He thought of all he had endured, and then he lost his head.



LITTLE DAN CUPID.

- Have you heard of that fly little, sly little man, Dan Cupid by name, or diminutive Dan?
- A marksman and hunter whose one aim in life, is to change youth and maid into husband and wife.
- With a quiver of arrows and a cute little bow, a heart is the target he always lays low.

LITTLE DAN CUPID.

So if marriage is hateful and distasteful the plan, watch out for the darts of diminutive Dan.

My, eye! What a smart little man Is the party we know as diminutive Dan.

Dan, Dan, Dan. Always hunting a maid or a man.

In all kinds of weather, to bring them together he tries just as hard as he can.

So beware of this fly little fellow, with the shrewd matrimonial plan.

I bet you he'd get YOU, if ever he met you, this fly little, sly little man.

Now a bachelor once said he'd heard quite enough of the conquests of Cupid, 'twas rubbish and stuff.

Then he challenged Dan's prowess, called marriage a joke, said he never would place his neck under the yoke.

LITTLE DAN CUPID.

- Quickly Dan spied a spinster, and then like a flash, shot a dart through her heart and this bachelor rash.
- When they married, Dan's gift was a lemonade set, with these words, "To the groom. Lest you ever forget."
 - My, eye What a bright little man.
 - When there's wooing a-brewing, then watch out for Dan.
 - Dan, Dan, Dan. Always hunting a maid or a man.
 - In all kinds of weather, to bring them together he tries just as hard as he can.
 - So beware of this fly little fellow, with the shrewd matrimonial plan.
 - I bet you he'd get YOU, if ever he met you, this fly little, sly little man.

"CR. AND DR."

There are three little letters in the alphabet Which in two different groups are frequently met;

One is an r, and preceded by D

Tells a very different tale than when following C.

- Of this same little story these two groups tell,
- One smacks of heaven, while the other is —well,
- You share my opinion, I am positive you do,
- If ever you have dallied with an I. O. U.

"CR. AND DR."

When Dr. at the end of your name takes place,

Trouble starts brewing at a very rapid pace; But oh, what a difference in life's great game When Cr. occurs at the end of your name!

Now, friend, should you wish to keep your stock above par, Be careful which letter precedes the r,

Do the best that you can to always make C Join forces with r instead of with D.

A KEEPSAKE.

The night was still, and peeping through the treetops

The harvest moon hung radiant in the sky,

Revealing by its light two lovers sighing And living o'er again the days gone by. She turns at length, and, trembling with emotion,

Her voice betraying feelings deeply stirred,

She hands to him a something in the moonlight

And this is what the night wind overheard:

Take this little token as a keepsake,

Treasure it in memory's wreath, I beg;

It's just a little leaf of birdseye maple,

A leaf that grew on father's wooden leg.

A KEEPSAKE.

He took the little leaf with fear and trembling,

For well did he remember how he had Been kicked clean from the porch oft in the darkness .

And chased by her old wooden-legged dad.

Once more he felt its imprint of affection That caused him to remain ten days in bed,

And recollecting all that leg had cost him, He crushed the leaf within his hand and said:

I'll take this little token, but hereafter
In my nightly prayers there's one thing
I will beg,

That no sign of life in him will sprout to haunt me

As this leaf that grew upon his wooden leg.



HAY FEVER.

Hay fever's reound agin— Feel it in the air, Woods are full of victims, Sneezin' everywhere.

Gits areound as reg'lar
As Fo'th o' July;
Ain't no way o' stoppin' it,
Don't care heow you try.

Smellin' salts an' atomizers
Ain't worth a sou;
When yeou git th' ginooine
It's all off with veou.

See the poor afflicted,—
Ev'ry little breeze
Makes 'em draw a long breath,
Then sneeze, an' sneeze, an' sneeze.

HAY FEVER.

Ef yeou want a riot
An' be buried neath th' sod,
Jes' catch a few hay feverites
An' shake some golden-rod.

Out 'll come th' handkerchiefs, Tears 'll start to flow; Then you'll hear a version Of "Blow, Bugle, Blow!"

Never was but one cure, So I've heard it said; Feller bought a shot-gun An' then blew off his head.

OH, WOE IS ME.

My wife she bought a cookbook called "The Young Housekeeper's Guide,"

All sorts of culinary feats were chronicled inside.

She read the book, then hied herself into a hardware store

And bought a stock of baking tins, some fifty kinds or more.

There were strainers, drainers, roasters, toasters, with now and then a few

Lemon squeezers, ice-cream freezers, forks and funnels, too.

Imagine when I saw this pile, the awful shock to me,

But what was worse the bill with them was labeled C. O. D.

- Sing woe to me, not ho to me, for it's woe to me inside
- Ever since my wife she bought that "Young Housekeeper's Guide."
- I've read about the awful things a rarebit fiend will see,
- But when it comes to nightmares caused by food, he's an amateur to me.
- That very day she started in to try her first receipt;
- She said 't would be raised biscuits and they'd be, "oh, such a treat!"
- I found that was their proper name—they raised things, that 's no lie.
- They came near raising me all right to "mansions in the sky."
- I next ate what the book described "broiled English sparrow's wing."
- I felt so English that for hours I cried "Long live the King!"
- She followed this with "layer cake,"—how I suffered eating that!
- For those layers laid for me all right, and then they laid me flat.

Sing woe to me, not ho to me, for it's woe to me inside

Ever since my wife she bought that "Young Housekeeper's Guide."

I've read about the awful things a rarebit fiend will see,

But when it comes to nightmares caused by food, he's an amateur to me.

A receipt she called "shrimp wiggle" was a dish I'll ne'er forget.

That shrimp it started wiggling, and, by Jove, it 's wiggling yet.

Next came some rolls called Parker House, and if Parker could but see

The torture his receipt produced, I know he'd pity me.

After I had eaten all of them that she could bake,

She asked me if I thought they were "like Mother used to make."

I stammered "Yes!" and since that time that lie I can't forget,

For though that lie was long since told, those rolls lie in here yet.

OH, WOE IS ME.

- Sing woe to me, not ho to me, for it's woe to me inside
- Ever since my wife she bought that "Young Housekeeper's Guide."
- I've read about the awful things a rarebit fiend will see,
- But when it comes to nightmares caused by food, he's an amateur to me.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

BEFORE.

We'd been engaged for just a week,
And now that we must part,
The thought of it was maddening,
And it nearly broke my heart.
As I waved her adieus from the steamer
She answered back from the pier,
And I murmured softly to myself,
"My, but isn't she dear!"

AFTER.

A year has passed of married life,—
I received a note to-day
Written in Wifey's well-known hand,
"Send me fifty right away!"
I thought of all she had cost me
During that one brief year,
And then I murmured softly,
"My, but isn't she dear"!





THE TIN PEDDLER.

What now has become of the Yankee tin peddler?

Gone is this dickering tradesman of yore; With rag-bag and steelyards this bartering meddler

Has made his last trip through the old kitchen door.

Perched high on his seat, a foe to bad weather;

When a storm hovered near he pulled in at the gate.

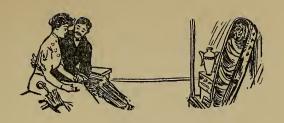
Said, "Dampness and tinware don't mix well together.

"Why, Grandma, good mawnin!" and "How-de-do, Kate!"

- No five-and ten-cent stores, no bargain-day rushes,
 - No trading-stamp nonsense were known in his day;
- His traveling storehouse of pans, pails and brushes
 - Has fulfilled its mission and now passed away.
- 'Twas "Good mawnin', Mis' Ketcham."
 "Why, how-de-do, Aner,
 - I've been lookin' for you nigh on to a week,
- I can't get a drop through that pesky old strainer,
 - And the pan you last sold me's done nothin' but leak."
- "Why, Lawdy, Mis' Ketcham, I meant to hev told ye
- My tinware's reversible, new patent plan; If ye couldn't strain stuff through the strainer I sold ye,
 - Why all ye need do is to jes' use th' pan."

THE TIN PEDDLER.

- His wit, like his visage, as sharp as a briar, Brought cheer and good-nature with never a pain.
- Oh, would that to-night you were here by our fireside
 - To regale us with story and laughter again.
- So a toast to you, peddler; in memory we treasure
 - Your good-natured face, with the old tin-cart too;
- We'll drink it in cider with equal good measure
 - That was ever forthcoming when trading with you.



All the world's a stage, says Shakespeare, we the actors, life the play,

And the tabloid one I'll mention, it occurred the other day.

The principals a Mummy from an old Egyptian tomb,

And a lady tailor's dummy. Scene: a musty auction room.

For weeks stored in a corner, he had noted all her charms,

And his mummy love seemed striving to enfold her in his arms.

One evening in the darkness like an echo from the dead,

His pent-up feelings burst all bounds, and this is what he said:

Oh, I love you, Mistress Dummy, and when curios get chummy,

A wedding is the sequel written in the book of Fate,

And although I'm antiquated, still I'm sure if we were mated,

Such a very novel union would be strictly up-to-date.

But, alas, as often happens to a fond and loving pair,

The plans the two had cherished proved but castles in the air.

To a museum on the morrow in a box all packed with hay,

Mr. Mummy from his Dummy he was rudely shipped away.

While the latter, once so happy, now the saddest of her race,

Is posing in a window somewhere down near Hayward Place.

And when twilight shadows hover round her form at close of day,

Tears roll down her waxen features and she seems to hear him say:

Oh, I love you, Mistress Dummy, and though far away, your Mummy

Is sighing for his sweetheart with a passion ever true;

And though rudely separated, rest assured until we're mated,

I shall always keep a corner in my mummy heart for you.



Now the sequel of our story:—in his museum home one day

Mr. Mummy's trust was shattered in a most unseemly way.

For a pair of wax-work figures on a bench across the aisle

Were placed where all could see them as they wooed true lover style.

- Imagine what his feelings when the maiden of the pair
- Was seen to be none other than the tailor's dummy fair.
- Then his heart with grief seemed bursting and his breast with anger stirred
- As he framed and hissed this message which the fickle dummy heard:
 - Oh, I loved you, Mistress Dummy, but hereafter when a mummy
 - Is fool enough to let some tailor's dummy turn his head,
 - I hope dynamite will blow him where his mother wouldn't know him,
 - For useless is the mummy who can't realize he's dead.



A QUESTION OF AUTHORITY.

Hol' on dah a minute, Mistah Preachah Man;

Wha's dat ah un'erstan' yo' to say— Dat ah mus' agree to love an' 'onah dis man,

An' likewise promise ah'll obey?

No, sah! Don' yo' count on mah makin' dat mistake,

It's one ah's made too many times befo'. Eve'y time ah's been mar'ied ah's 'lowed dat ve'y point,

But ah nevah means to do it any mo'.

De idea! Obeying dis yeah jaundiced coh'loed coon,

De suggestion am a insult to mah sex.

Why de fact of mah 'greein' to honah such as him

Lays me liable to p'rjury, ah specks.

Yo' men yo' seem to think dat yo' owners ob de earf,

So't o' monarchs obah all dat yo' survey. If dis narrah-chested dahkey's goin' to take me fo' his wife,

Dah'll be changes in dis mattah of obey.

So Mistah Pahson, ah desiah yo' to 'radicate dat wohd

Dat has allus been so 'noxious like to me, An' take notice what ah'm saying, if dis knot am fihmly tied,

Ah'm de one dat yo' can look to fo' de fee.



PEOPLE ARE SO DIFFERENT.

The people are so different in this gruff old world of ours,

Some gather naught but rankest weeds, while others seek the flowers.

Our tastes are such that of two roads one person seeks the right,

The other takes the crooked path, as darkness shuns the light.

So when a man comes 'long whose views are not like yours or mine,

Don't treat him like a criminal or some base libertine;

Be generous to your neighbor, God's gifts are rare, 'tis true,

Just think how others have been robbed to shower them all on you.



PLAY BALL, BILL.

'Twas at a baseball game one day,
Where I was passing an hour away,
I chanced to hear some wisdom rare,
The last thing I had looked for there.
'Twas from the catcher, a wise old fox
Who was coaching a youngster in the box
Who badly needed a kindly word,
And these are the ones I overheard.

Get'em over the plate, Bill, play ball for fair!

Keep your feet on the ground, boy! Don't go

up in the air!

Many a race has been landed, when it looked in doubt,

No game is lost, Bill, till the last man's out.

PLAY BALL, BILL.

Could Solomon wise, in word or deed,
Give better advice to a friend in need?
And oftentimes in Life's great game,
When trouble and worry around me came,
I thought of the catcher, and once more
heard

The voice of cheer and the helpful word,
And they served a mission and smoothed
my way,

As they helped his pal in the box that day.

Get'em over the plate, Bill! Play ball for fair!

Keep your feet on the ground, boy! Don't go

up in the air!

Many a race has been landed, when it looked in doubt,

No game is lost, Bill, till the last man's out.



STORIES.

- Since the days of Father Adam down to the present time,
- We've had the story-teller in every race and clime.
- Take David, for example, who caused Goliath's fall,
- And with his harp and well-told tales subdued old mad King Saul.
- Then came the wandering minstrel, along the King's highway,
- Who lightened many an aching heart with song and roundelay.
- His hour is brief who tells the tale and soon, perchance, he lies
- In some neglected churchyard, but the story never dies.
- The jester, too, with cap and bells and many a mirthful tale,
- Comes next with quick and merry prank, his master to regale,

STORIES.

By cottage hearth, at wayside inn, around the roaring fire,

We find the tale continued by the youth and gray-haired sire.

The lover 'neath the casement of his lady's sheltered bower

Pours forth sly Cupid's story, unmindful of the hour.

And so down through the misty past, they march an endless throng

With sunshine in their story and laughter in their song.

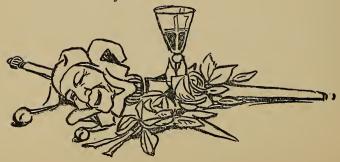
Stories! Stories! Stories! new and old. Stories well related, stories badly told.

We hear them from the pulpit, on the street and railway car.

At banquet, office, from the bench, in fact, where'er we are.

So, as the story is the thing, to be right up to date

I, too consign my humble share and leave the rest to fate.











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